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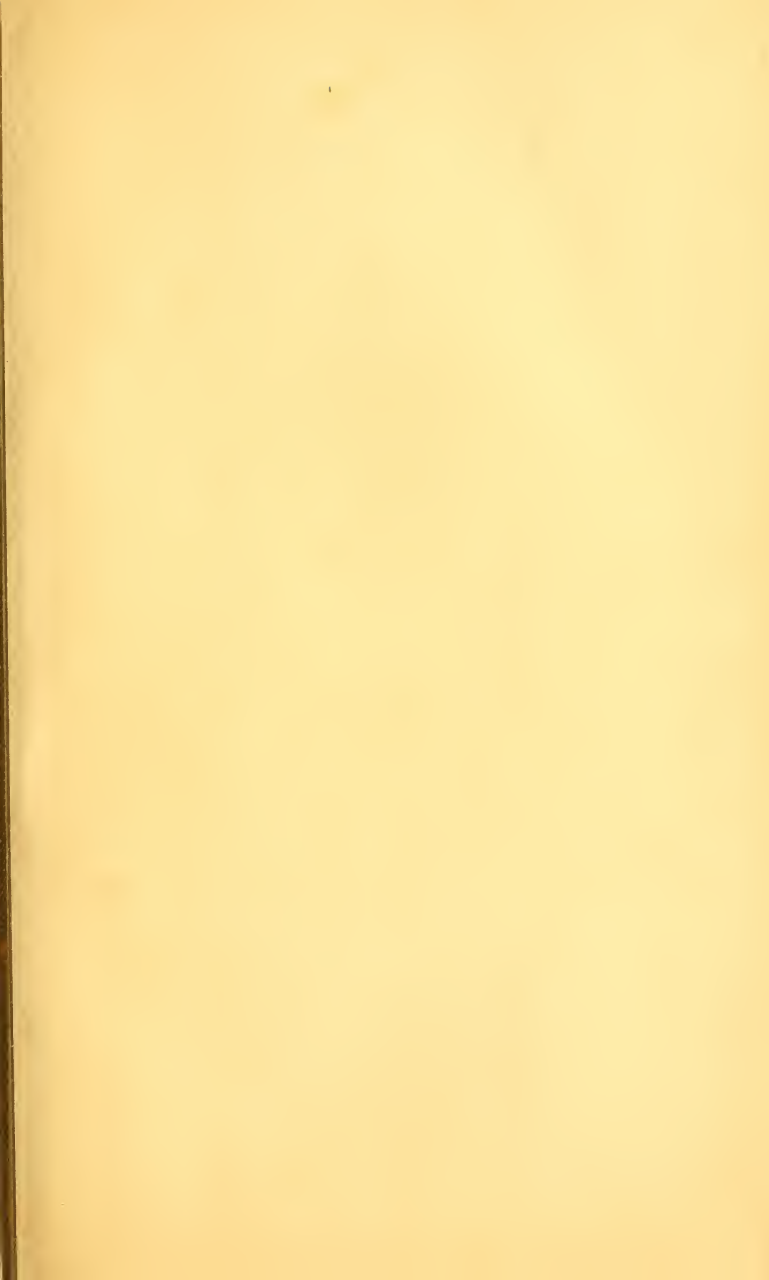
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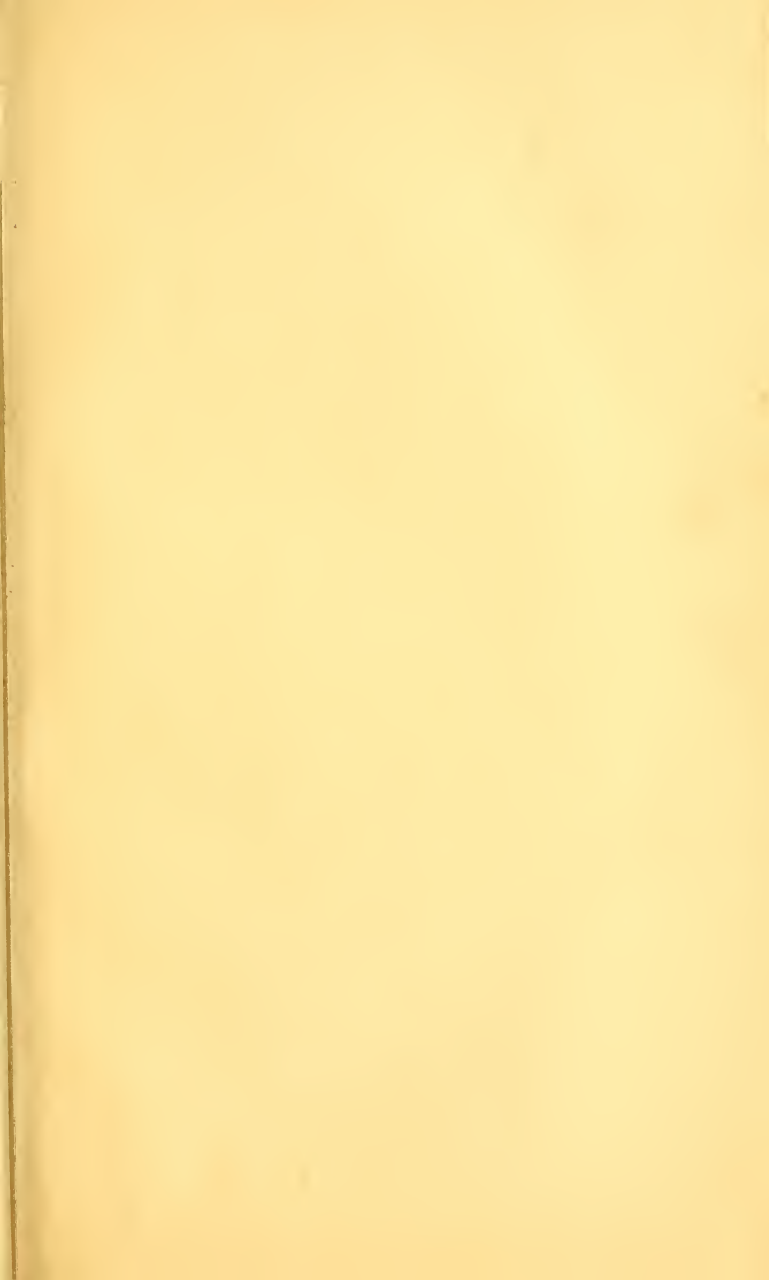


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Compliments of the Author.
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GOLDEN — GEMS.

—BY—
WM. B. SEVERE.



Indorsed by CHAS. P. CLEVELAND,—Director,
and sung with great success by THE REPUBLICAN
CAMPAIGN CHORUS OF MARYLAND.



Shall we pay our obligations
In money that is not real?
Lose our trade with other nations?
Visions of such o'er me steal.
Exercise your right as freeman,
Read up silver, also gold;
Open wide your minds to reason,
Read--and then your thoughts unfold.
Give the subject close attention,
Overlook not one small drop:
List, ye voters, then give mention,
Demonstrate gold's still on top.

WM. B. SEVERE.

[Baltimore 1896]

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A copy of GOLDEN GEMS will be mailed postpaid to any address in the United States, on receipt of 6 cents, (or stamps) by addressing

WM. B. SEVERE,
306 & 308 E. Pratt Street,
Baltimore, Md.

Special prices in quantities.

WM. B. Severe,

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306 & 308 E. Pratt Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.



McKinley and Protection.

Air:—"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are Marching."

We are now on the right track,
We have nominated MAC,
And we're sure to elect him President this year.
Now just listen to our song,
As we gaily march along
"The are others" but of them we have no fear.

CHORUS. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Swelling, yelling as they go.
It is such a vast throng,
That is pushing him along,
All the rest will be up to their necks in snow.

Oh! McKinley is his name,
And he's not unknown to fame
He's the one the people want to fill the Chair.
And in spite of all the fates,
Nearly all the delegates,
Did cast their votes to help to put him there.

CHORUS. Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c., &c.

If you want to be in the swim,
You will surely vote for him,
And Protection to the workmen of our land.
Come along now fall in line,
He will get there sure this time,
And you'd like to be right up behind the band.

CHORUS. Then vote, vote, vote, in next November
Every workman in the land.
For Protection that's our MAC,
And he'll get there that's a fact,
For protection to your work, determined stand.

Wm. B. Severe.

"Owed" To Free Silver.

Air:—"America."

My native country, thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
All o'er this country wide
Are arrayed side by side
True men who will promptly decide
That gold's the thing.

Now is the time to work
Let none their duty shirk
In this great fight.
We know our cause is just,
Free Silver we can't trust;
Eradicate it that we must
Clean out of sight.

All men who love their state
Will help decide the fate
That is in store,
Free Silver must be slain,
Never revived again
Prosperity and gold shall reign.
Forevermore.

When 'lection day draws near,
Walk up without a fear
And vote for Right.
No matter how you've stood,
Your party may've been good,
But now it is well understood
Gold wins this fight.

We'll put McKinley in
Yes, we are sure to win
Without a doubt.
If you want to rejoice,
Come, vote the nations choice,
Then you can go tune up your voice
And with us shout.

Wm. B. Severe.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Air: "Maryland my Maryland."

The silverites now in our land,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Are striving for the upper hand,
Maryland, my Maryland,
They tell us they have come to stay,
And that they're bound to have their way.
Will it be so? What do you say,
Maryland, my Maryland?

They're doing everything they can,
Maryland, my Maryland,
To try to convince every man,
Maryland, my Maryland,
That silver is the proper thing,
Prosperity to all 'twill bring,
And loudly its praises they sing,
Maryland, my Maryland.

If you believe such stuff you're blind,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Our money must be the right kind,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Maintain our credit, that we must,
The strongest in the world, or "bust;"
Fifty-cent dollars we can't trust,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Come every voter in the land,
Maryland, my Maryland,
For your country's honor stand,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Let every freeman do his part,
And fight Free Silver from the start,
Vote Gold, McKinley and Hobart,
Maryland, my Maryland.

And when election day is o'er,
Maryland, my Maryland.
We'll shout the news from shore to shore,
Maryland, my Maryland.
16 to 1 can't run our "shop,"
We were too strong; they had to drop,
Free Silver's dead and gold's on top,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Wm. B. Severe.

WILLIAM B.

Air:—"Sweet Marie."

I've a secret in my heart, William B.,
Which to you I will impart, William B.
And I know that you'll agree,
It's the truth I tell to thee—
That Silver will not be free—
William B.

CHORUS.— William B., list to me—
We're for gold, don't you see?
Nothing else will suit as well, William B.
We will demonstrate to you
That there will be but a few
Who will cast their votes for you,
William B.

There's another in the field, William B.,
And to you 'twill be revealed, William B.
Though you think that you are right,
And you make a stubborn fight,
You'll be knocked clear out of sight,
William B.

CHORUS.— William B., list to me—
We're for gold, don't you see?
And that's what its going to be, William B.
Wait until election day—
You will not need an X ray
To show you gold holds full sway,
William B.

Oh, the one who wins this fight, William B.,
Is the one who stands for right, William B.
Bill McKinley is the man
Who'll preside o'er this fair land—
He'll be leader of the band,
William B.

CHORUS.— William B., can't you see,
Silver will not be free
While the people have a vote, William B.?
What they want they're sure to get,
And they will get gold, you bet,
And it aint no use to fret,
William B.

Wm. B. Severe.

Bill McKinley - He's the Man.

Air:—"Love me Little, Love me Long."

Everyone in this great nation
Now is filled with admiration,
 For McKinley—He's the man.
They are shouting and a singing,
And you hear the welkin ringing,
 For McKinley—He's the man.
Protection is their cry,
And you know the reason why--
Free trade has paralyzed the business here.
Over spire and over steeple,
Comes the cry from all the people,
 For McKinley—He's the man.

CHORUS.-- Oh! McKinley, William McKinley,
 You're the man we want.
Everywhere we hear them singing,
Their triumphant voices ringing,
 For McKinley—He's the man.

On election day--November,
Every workman will remember
 Bill McKinley—He's the man.
He's the one that's been selected,
And he's going to be elected,
 Bill McKinley—That's the man.
Nobody else will do,
The people all want you
As President of these United States.
For Protection and Sound Money,
We are hustling for you—Honey,
 Bill McKinley—You're our man.

Wm. B. Severe.

McKinley - Gold - Prosperity.

Air:—"Hard times Come again, no more."

There's a song that will linger
In minds forevermore;
We hear it all over this fair land,
And the voice of the singer
Sounds weary and heartsore,
"Oh! Hard times," the cry on every hand.

CHORUS.— 'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, Hard times, come again no more.
With McKinley our leader—
And Gold reserved in store,
"Oh! Hard times," you'll not come no more.

We will rout old Free Silver
Away from our dear shore,
Which caused all this trouble and despair.
And we'll stand firm for Honor
And RIGHT forevermore,
And pay our debts up fair and square.

CHORUS.

Oh! The times are coming,
We hear it every day.
Prosperity will surely come to all.
All the mills will be running,
And all hands earn good pay
After election held this fall.

CHORUS.— Then the song will not be so weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
With McKinley our leader
Who will to us restore,
Oh! Good times, to last forevermore.

Wm. B. Severe.

THIS LITTLE TALE IS SO.

Air:—"Listen to my Tale of Woe."

This fight for Silver's getting tough.
Listen to my tale of woe.
The Popocrats say "its the stuff"
Don't mind them, that's only a bluff;
That's right, you might
Listen to their tale of woe.

CHORUS.— Hard trials for a few,
Populists, Democrats too,
Who great long whiskers grew—
Wind blew, them through.
Listen to my tale of woe.

They tell us there'll be lots of "dough,"
Listen to my tale of woe.

Sixteen to one will make it so,
Mills will start and farmers grow
More oats, want votes.
Listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS.— They'll get it, in the neck,
Not the way they did expect,
True men will their scheme reject
For Gold, I'm told.
Listen to my tale of woe.

If you would have a better time
Listen to my tale of woe.

Come every voter get in line,
Vote Gold—McKinley and scratch Bryan;
That's right, you might
Listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS.— Hard trials for them two,
Wm. J. and Arthur too,
Just wait until we get through
With you—Razoo.
Listen to my tale of woe.

After the elections o'er
Listen to my tale of woe,
Free Silver we'll hear no more
Prosperity we'll restore
To you, that's true.
Listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS.— McKinley is the man
Who will determined stand,
Backed up on every hand
By men—True men.
Listen to my tale of woe.

Wm. B. Severe.

The Workingman's Ballot.

Air: "The Old Oaken Bucket."

(The Boy Orator of the Platte was recently overheard singing to himself the following ditty in the quiet solitude of the night.

How drear to my heart are the thoughts of election,
When every free man will exercise his right.
I know my pet measure will meet with rejection,
But still I shall make a most determined fight.
I'll talk up free silver as long as I have breath,
In fact I'll do all that lies in my power
To lessen as much as I can the pain of death
That's waiting Free Silver—How I dread the hour.
When that little ballot, the workingman's ballot,
Will knock out Free Silver and keep Gold in power.

That same little ballot, we're all trying to get
Casted for our party on election day.
We'll promise the workingman anything, you bet,
If we can influence him to vote our way.
Free silver will start all the mills that are now shut,
And every workingman will get double pay,
Free Silver will do it, if it gets the chance—but,
Those dodgasted Gold bugs have something to say.
With their little ballots, those dearly loved ballots,
Will knock Silver out and make Gold our main stay.

(Just then Mrs. B. commenced calling from the next room. "Willie, Oh Willie, come to bed dear," and Willie went.)

Wm. B. Severe.



FREE SILVER.

(Somewhat like Longfellow.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
In a large building, people massed,
To hear a youth, who spoke so nice,
Lecture about that strange device,
Free Silver!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like fire, he showed his teeth,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that well known tongue,
Free Silver!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
The sight of these had changed his tone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Free Silver!

"Try not to pass," the man said
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead."
"The roaring torrent is deep and wide."
But still that clarion voice replied
Free Silver!

"Oh! Stay, go give your tongue a rest,
Your talking only suits out West."
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh
Free Silver!

"Go back upon your western ranch
Beware the awful avalanche."
This was the peoples' last good night
A voice replied, though out of sight
Free Silver!

At break of day—election time,
The people, they all got in line,
Their votes as countless as the hairs
Upon your head, but tell me where's
Free Silver!

* * * * *

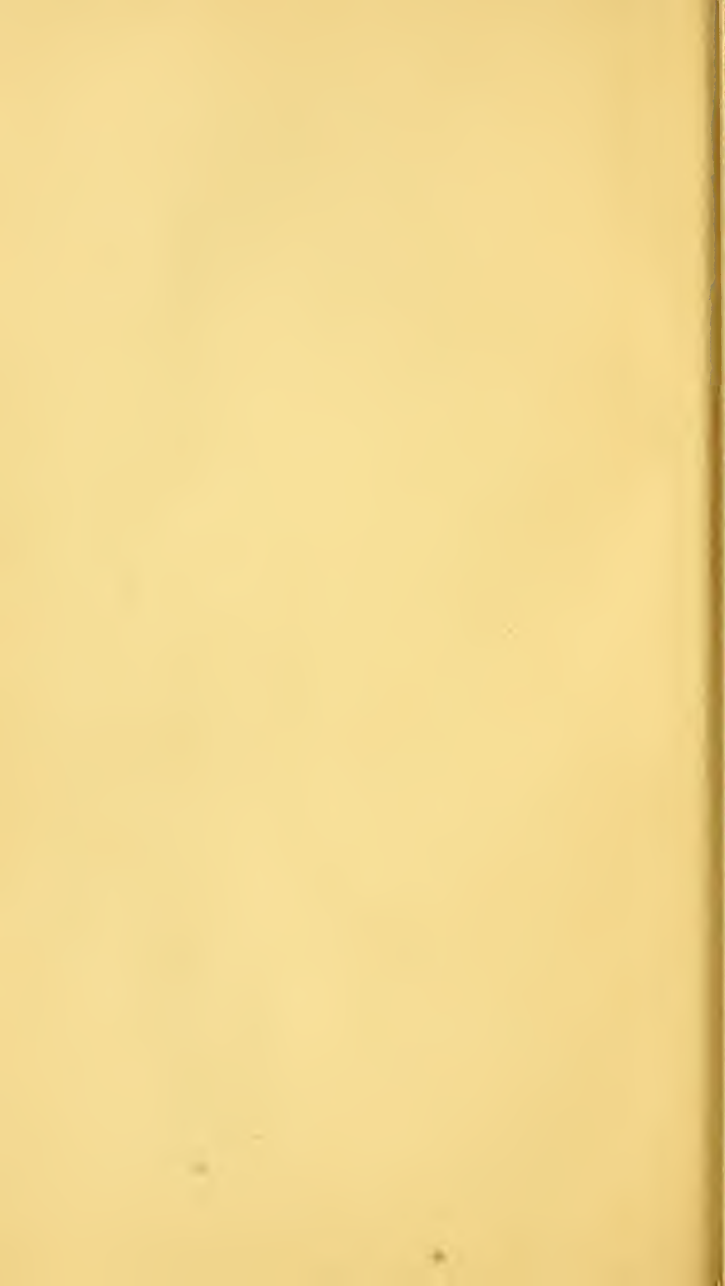
There in the twilight cold and gray
William Jennings Bryan lay
Still grasping in his hand of ice
A Banner with the strange device
Free Silver!

Wm. B. Severe,











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